

## STORY OF THE DAY

## A PIECE OF WRECKAGE.

By Augusta Prescott.

It was a glad day, following many that had been anything but glad.

When Leonard Lomax had announced his intention of enlisting for the war he had not yet been accepted as a soldier for the hand of Miranda. But another period followed when no letters came and Miranda seemed to drop, and her mother first, and then her father, and two married sisters, all one after another, became positively sympathetic with her.

By the time the papers gave out that Leonard's battalion was to sail for Cuba, the whole household had begun to take an interest in his letters. But another period followed when no letters came and Miranda seemed to drop, and her mother first, and then her father, and two married sisters, all one after another, became positively sympathetic with her.

When the name of Leonard Lomax had not appeared in the lists of killed and wounded, and the war was over, Miranda's mother found her sitting by her bed-room window one evening, all alone, and went and kissed her on the forehead.

"Laughter, don't fret any more. Your father and I can't bear it. When the young man comes back well let us have your way. It's your own affair, child."

She did not mention just then that enquiries about young Lomax had been made in the distant city where he had been until three years ago, and that she had heard the reports and the post office, taking no notice of the other by-gone admirers.

So there was only one thing left to fret about, and that was the fear, which was so the reports said—killing the boys off like sheep.

And now, after one last waiting spell of three weeks, when there was no letter from Leonard, though he was known to be at Montauk, a short, feebly scrawled letter had come: "I am able to walk, and they have given me my furlough. I shall be with you by Thursday."

And this was Thursday. Miranda was already feeling very happy when a telegram came: "I shall be with you by seven o'clock." And that made her still happier.

It was not long after six o'clock when she left her mother with a kiss and a blush and went down to her own sitting room to listen for the door bell.

Two of her little nephews passed through the hall, romping boisterously; Miranda astonished them by a sharp reprimand, for Aunt Miranda was hardly ever cross and did not generally object to juvenile rackets, in the house or out of it.

But she wanted to listen now—and to think. She had so many sweet thoughts all ready to ruminate. It was sweet to be sure that her lover would soon be with her. He would look pale and haggard, of course, but it would still be the same Leonard Lomax, and she would know that one love was not any longer at war with another. She could love Leonard Lomax now and yet not forget the love of her father and mother.

As she sat peering from behind the window curtain, another thought came to her—thoughts, rather—memories of two other men she had once allowed to talk to her. One of them had been a soldier, and for a little, she told herself. This one had been lovable in many ways, certainly amusing. The other, a young man, had been very handsome, and she had been very fond of him. But she had never loved him, and she had never loved the other one either.

After all her watching from behind the curtain she had not seen him. He had come up to the gate. He had come by another way than she had expected. The ringing of the electric bell had not been there. A still more serious check came when she met a gaunt, old-looking man in the hall. He was leaning against the door and had a look of despair. He was not the man she had expected. He was not the man she had expected. He was not the man she had expected.

But he, on his part, could laugh at all this. At this moment death itself would have almost been a joke to him. "You must be delirious, Fairy," he said. "It's the malaria fever. I got it in Cuba and took it along with me to Porto Rico. It makes you feel like an old man, you know. But the best of it is I haven't lost my appetite, and I am going to be as fat and comfortable as a parrot cat for a whole month. Then you will see what a difference will come."

"A whole lifetime, I hope," said Lomax. Miranda smiled consciously and abruptly turned the conversation to the thing that had occurred to her, which happened to be the young man's uniform. "It looks very neat and new," she said. "It is neat and new," Lomax laughed. "I've had it only a week. The things I wore out here have all been burnt at Montauk except some buttons; and you are to have them for war relics."

"I'm so glad you got for you," he went on, producing a handful of buttons, Spanish and American, and a little brass and ebony cross.

"I picked up the cross in the trenches of San Juan," said Lomax. "Miranda was eagerly looking at her new treasures, bending over them by the lamp."

"I suppose it dropped out of the pocket of one of the Spaniards when they retreated," he said. "He was feeling in an inner pocket for something, and he dropped it, and at last he produced a small package done up in paper. I found on the ground what you call one of our fellows were lying dead. But there were some Spaniards there, too. Some Cubans had been busy rifling their pockets. The Spaniards' pockets, I mean—and I suppose they threw it away."

He unfolded a little leather case carefully, and he looked at it in what looked like an Indian pattern.

"This," she said, as soon as she saw it. "A Standard. No."

"What is the matter, Fairy?" "Don't get up, she said. 'I don't want you to move.' But as she spoke, Miranda was as pale as her complexion on the ceiling and was obliged to steady herself by clutching the back of a sofa."

"Tell me," she said, "was there a man—a man killed there named Bright?" "Not in my company, why?" "Don't be angry with me, Leonard. It was a long time ago, when I was at school. I didn't know he had kept it. Don't get up."

"Why should I? It was nothing—only a school-thing—Leonard, don't be angry. He's dead, isn't he?—Think—Percy Bright."

then suffering from debility following malarial fever, that he had been over-excited, and that night's sleep would put everything right.

In the morning the doctor called again, not, as he explained, because the case was critical, but because the patient was a hero of San Juan.

The doctor found that the good night's rest, which he had prescribed, had been altogether wanting. Lomax was decidedly light-headed, but the doctor, availing himself of his knowledge of the affairs of the family, managed to gently draw from him something of the story of the loaded cigar case.

"So that's the trouble, is it?" he said. "Well, you needn't let it worry you. I would have been as happy if it had been as you thought. You understand me?"

"I believe I do," said Lomax, "go on." "Quite gently enough to shock the girl terribly. No need to think she cares anything about Percy Bright. Know him quite well, young man. I happen to know that Percy Bright came home to his family, cured of his wound, and that he was a stronger man to-day than you are."

Then the doctor went to the door and called Miranda. "Where is that loaded cigar case that made all this trouble?" he said to her. "You left it downstairs? Well, now, Miranda, would you be surprised to hear that that piece of fancy work is not a message to you from the dead?"

"Oh, I'm so glad! Mr. Bright was only wounded?"

Those words, in their frank, simple friendliness, convinced Lomax—or their memory convinced him later, when his head was clear of the fever—that Percy Bright did not share Miranda's heart with him.

The doctor asked Miranda to hand over to him her little souvenir of the war. Then he tucked it up and sent it to Bright in Chicago, with the letter: "Dear Percy—Mr. Lomax, of this place, begs me to return to you a cigar-case of yours which you dropped by accident near San Juan, Cuba. Mr. Lomax was in your regiment there, though you did not enjoy his acquaintance. To him has been a residence for some time and is about to become the husband of Miss Miranda Semple."

Before forwarding the letter, the doctor showed it to both his patient and Miranda, and asked, "Is this all right?" And they both smiled.

## CUSTOMS OF THE FILIPINOS.

Fear of Witches at Birth of Children. The Native Devil Dance.

An English physician now living in London, who has spent many years on the island of Luzon, in the Philippines, relates these superstitions and customs which prevail among the less enlightened Filipinos:

"Many of those who conform outwardly to the rites of the Catholic Church," he said, "still cherish a belief in witches and demons. They believe that witches congregate at the birth of children and watch an opportunity to snatch the child from the mother's arms. The birth of the new-born infant, therefore, is a perilous time, and the mother is permitted to do so much as a crack of the door or window being left open, because to do that would be to allow the entrance of the painless, or which, who is supposed to be able to get through the smallest hole. If the attending midwife has occasion to believe that witches are actually at work, a charge of gunpowder is blown off in the room to frighten them away."

"When the child thus bewitched is born it is placed in a draught of air in an open door or window so that the witches may have a chance to escape, and the exorcism begins. Three witch candles are placed up in the little room, and the mother is allowed to burn until they are almost consumed. Though the child sometimes gets badly burned in the process, such an accident is considered of small account so long as the witch is expelled."

"The Filipinos have some curious customs in regard to courtship and marriage. They believe that the odor imparted to the clothing by the body has power to excite love. Those who wish to attract some one of the opposite sex will scheme to bring that person in contact with some article of clothing which has been worn by themselves. When plighted lovers are obliged to separate for a time they exchange garments with each other. They believe that by this means a faithful union is assured. So keen is the sense of smell among the Filipinos that they say they can tell to whom any article belongs by merely smelling of it. There is a peculiar manner of kissing in vogue among many of these tribes. Instead of touching lips they press the nose against the cheek of the person they wish to caress and draw a long, deep breath."

"There are many modern Jacobins and Rabelaisians in the Philippines, but it is a custom for the prospective bridegroom to serve for a time in the household of the bride's father, if he has not money enough to make a cash payment for the bride."

"One of their most interesting superstitions is the belief that the soul of a man leaves his body during sleep and goes forth on some mysterious errand of its own. This belief was doubtless borrowed from the Buddhists, and one can offer no doubt as to its origin. It is a belief that has been passed on to the Filipinos, which, according to his ideal, is getting between his body and his absent soul."

"The islanders have many superstitions in regard to bats, animals and reptiles. They believe that a bat which enters a house is a bad omen, and that a snake which enters a house is a good omen. They also believe that a cat which enters a house is a bad omen, and that a dog which enters a house is a good omen."

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MILLER &amp; RHOADS.

"THE ALWAYS-BUSY STORE."

MILLER &amp; RHOADS.

## Store Remodelling

not yet fully complete—not precisely in such shape as we should like to be—as we shall be soon. And still nothing now to interfere in any way with by far the smartest presentation of Fall and Winter Merchandise we have ever made—we are now quite ready in every department.

YOU WILL FIND THE BEST AND CHEAPEST AT

## Miller &amp; Rhoads



## TO-MORROW,

Opening Sale New Jackets, Capes, Furs, And Tailor-made Suits!

A GREAT STOCK READY! True merit in every garment shown—the merit of Highest Quality and Proper Style, coupled with the most reasonable prices.

SPECIAL SELLING shall be the order of the day here to-morrow—Every Garment New.

## COATS.

Ladies' Black Beaver Cloth Jackets, fancy stitch, strap seams, high neck fly front, faced with same, worth \$6, for \$4.25.

Ladies' black Beaver Cloth Jackets, high neck, cut-away front, the latest style, braided front and collar, worth \$7, for \$4.95.

Our new tan Frieze corded on front and back, four button effect, two rows of cording on cuffs, red satin lined throughout, worth \$10, for \$6.95.

Very stylish effect in medium shade of tan Kersey, cut-away, fly front, fancy stitched seams front and back, taffeta silk lined throughout, worth \$13.50, for \$10.

Ladies' plain black Boucle Cloth, fly front, silk serge lined, the correct style, worth \$8, for \$5.95.

Extra fine black Kersey Cloth, also heavy Boucle Cloth, up-to-date styles, worth \$12, for \$7.50.

## LADIES' CAPES.

Ladies' double cloth Capes, braided and fur-trimmed, high rolling collar, very stylish, worth \$5, for \$3.75.

Ladies' black Beaver Cloth Capes, full sweep plaited back, braided and beaded, Martin trimmed around collar and front, worth \$6, for \$4.75.

Handsome Silk Plush, full sweep, nicely lined, high storm collar, Thibet fur trimmed, worth \$5.95, for \$4.45.

Full line Seal Plush Capes, satin lined high collar, Thibet fur trimmed, beaded and braided, worth \$7, for \$5.05.

Ladies' black Beaver, double braided Capes, fur-edge trimmed, full sweep, worth \$8, for \$5.25.

Ladies' plush Capes, beaded and braided, it is the up-to-date cape, fur-trimmed around collar, front and bottom, worth \$12, for \$9.95.

Ladies' plain plush Capes, full 27 inches long, full 11½ sweep, fur-trimmed collar and front, silk serge lined, worth \$10.75, for \$7.45.

## Great Sale of Dressmakers' Supplies

Warren's Feather Bows.

New! Made entirely from Turkey quills and possesses elasticity that you fail to find in any article intended for this purpose. Can be sewed through, and is to-day growing in favor as a healthy substitute for real whalebone and much lower in price. Full line here:

Piping Cord—to be had in black, white, and drab, and used as foundation for alluring, 3c. yard.

Cable Cord—comes in the above colors, to be used as above, but of a larger size, 5c. yard.

Double Bone—used for points and edges of collars, in three colors, 6c. yard.

Twilled Bone—in all light colors, as well as darker shades, and used as substitutes for whalebone, 10c. yard.

Gros Grain Bone—next thing in quality better than twilled bone; all colors and enclosed in finer all-silk covering, 17c. yard.

Satin Bone—best Featherbone made—handsome all-silk encasing, fifteen different colors, 25c. yard.

A Big Fur Event.

Just as "Jack Frost" puts in appearance, we were enabled to make one of the "biggest Fur deals" we have made for years—an immense stock at less than third regular prices—see these to-morrow. Over two hundred garments to select from.

Mink Scarfs with heads and tails, worth \$1.75, for 98c.

Wool Seal Scarfs, with heads and eight tails, extra fine, worth \$4, for \$2.98.

Astrachan Collarettes with high storm collar, worth \$6, for \$4.25.

Ladies' French Coney Collarettes, with red satin lining, worth \$6.75, for \$4.95.

It's a beauty, worth \$8, for \$5.95.

French Coney Caps, 25 inches long, high collar, full sweep, serge lined, worth \$10, for \$8.45.

Sheelings and Bedding Supplies

Housekeepers can get everything here ready for use—no need to stick a needle anywhere. This is no idle talk—we can sell you good, reliable supplies as low as you can get them from any wholesale house.

At \$1.3c, Pillow Cases, 42 inches wide, heavy cotton, regularly sold at 10c.

At 12½c, unbleached Sheet, 21-4 yards wide, blue, smooth, even thread, a bargain at 15c.

At 16½c, bleached Sheet, 21-4 yards wide, heavy round thread, no dressing, never sold for less than 20c.

At 36c, we offer ready made Sheets, for medium size beds, heavy weight, would be good value at 42c.

At 10c, Pillow Cases, 45 inches wide, by 36 inches long, nicely made, worth 12½c.

At 6½c, we can give you a Cambric, full yard wide, fine, soft-finish, the same thing you have paid 9c. for.

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## Very Special Lining Sale

Our reputation for good Linings, CHEAP springs from a correct knowledge of the Lining business. We give this department good attention.

At 6½c, heavy Canvas in black only, medium finish, hard to get at 13c.

At 8½c, fine Peraline, Nubian dye, 36 inches wide, moire finish, just what you usually pay 10c. for, for \$9.95.

At 10c, Peraline, 36 inches wide, fine quality, new colored stripes, you have paid 15c. for same quality.

At 15c, Moreen, good weight, medium finish, fast black, the regular 20c. kind.

At 19c, Moreen, 36 inches wide, fast black, new Bayadere Stripe, 25c. was the price.

At 20c, Ribbon Cloth, 36 inches wide, fast black, soft finish, former price, 25c.

At 25c, we offer Imper-1 Cape Lining, beautifully broadened, only in black, former price, 50c.

At 30c, for Saturday and Monday we offer Moreen, medium weight, all wool, fast black, good value, at 45c.

Autumn Linen Sale

A grand gathering of choice new season's Linens—good Linens—Linens that will wear, Linens that have HONESTY stamped on every yard—unsurpassed sterling price values—don't fail to see our great offers this week.

At 6½c, we offer brown Crash, 18 inches wide, all linen, regularly sold for 10c.

At 8½c, Crash, 18 inches wide, red and blue checks, cheap at 10c.

At 10c, we have absorbent Crash, 20 inches wide, all linen, a great item at 12½c.

At 15c, hemmed Huck Towels, red borders, extra large size, heavy weight, regular 19c. value.

At 17c, we offer Huck Towels only in red borders, 21 inches wide by 42 inches long, regularly sold for 20c.

At 25c, we offer red Damask, 58 inches wide, new pretty designs, fast color, hard to duplicate for less than 35c.

At 50c, we offer the greatest values of the season in Damask, cream Scotch, 66 inches wide, and bleached Irish, 66 inches wide, all pure linen, new designs, not to be had for less than 62½c.

At \$1.95, we offer a 23-1/2 inch Dinner Napkin, Irish linen, small, neat designs, would be cheap at \$2.50.

## Marvels of Merchandising

THE CLIMAX OF BARGAIN-GIVING

will be demonstrated in every department of this store this week—the values offered each day means nothing short of aisle-filling throngs.

## Tasteful Showing of

Dress Goods, Silks, Velvets.

Every woman should see our splendid new stock of

Black and Colored Dress Goods, Silks, and Velvets—

The most tasteful color blendings—the richest and most lustrous blacks, and the prettiest taffetas you've ever seen. Nowhere else, save in the largest metropolitan stores, will you find a better assortment or lower prices.

## SILKS

THE NEW BAYADERE BENGALINES, 20 inches wide, in large assortment of colors, 50c. a yard.

ILLUMINATED CHECKS AND BROCADES, PLAIN AND CHANGEABLE TAFFETAS, all pure silk, 19 inches wide, 50c. a yard.

BLACK SATIN RHADAME, all silk, good heavy weight and guaranteed to wear well, 50c. a yard.

PLAIN AND GLACE TAFFETAS, PLAIDS, CHECKS, STRIPES, and JACQUARD EFFECTS, 75c. a yard.

BLACK DUCHESSE and PEAU DE SOIE in excellent values at 75c., \$1, \$1.25,